

## THE DAILY STORY.

## A "FIND."

(Copyright, 1914, by W. W. Weller.)

At a race of romance may interweave the lives of many men, but Dick Hingden liked to believe that his was an exception, a belief probably due to temperament, for Dick was peculiar. His parents even admitted that Dick himself was utterly unconscious of the fact. For that matter, Dick was utterly unconscious of himself. But it remained a fact that he was peculiar.

From his earliest toddling days he filled the back yard with pitiful, unfortunate pets. Later his shelves groaned under loads of hideous heathen gods and monstrosities in pottery and there never was a time when crippled, deformed children, blackheads and the truly talented were not masters to him.

Above all he prized the rare specimens of the day's quest in his journeys with his father, a noted zoologist.

It was in August, when Dick was seven, that an unusually successful day ended with a dash of rain and their taking shelter at a farmhouse. Dick and his father, who were out as the evening meal was over, he threw himself on a cot in the bunkhouse and was immediately asleep.

He dreamed, and his dreams were of all "finds." One of them, on a sudden, came to life and vividly clutched at his hair. He awoke to a blinding light and crashing thunder, and to see at his bedside a girl, her fingers twisted in his hair.

"Wake up! The barn's afire!" she screamed, and was gone before he could rouse his sleep-dulled senses.

The burning barn was some distance away. It had been lightning struck and was almost instantly a blaze. Nothing was possible except to remove whatever could be handled, and that had been done when Dick arrived. The roof was dropping slowly and burning with red black cloud of smoke that poured from every crack and rose to the wind.

Suddenly a little white pig, scorching and blinded, appeared in the doorway. Dick was conscious of something flashing past him, then the wisp of a girl had the pig in her arms and both in a moment had been borne to a place of safety.

But Dick was conscious of something more. He had discovered an "uncommon." High water, together with wash-

ing, had fastened it around her neck.

out, interfered with work the next day, and in the afternoon he went down to where the barn had been. The wisp of a girl met him. One hand was bandaged, the other of smoking plaster discolored her face and neck and feet and bare legs.

"Served you right. Why did you go after the pig?"

"Her eyes met his with a look that changed from surprise to scorn. Her elfish, brown face scintillated with indignation. "What do you take me for?" she said.

"The very finest little girl I ever saw," he told her, and they sat together on a stone for a full hour while Dick pumiced the face from a nickel and engraved with a steel point at her dictation. "Eloise," he said, "I don't know two words of my own. 'For bravery.' A hole completed the medal and he suspended it by a tiny chain and fastened it round her neck.

The child's surprise was complete. "Oh," she breathed, then suddenly threw her arms around his waist and burst into great sobs. A moment later her plaid patched legs twinkled through the door and disappeared in the house. Dick walked discreetly on till hidden by the trees, then he threw himself on the grass and roared.

Seven years later Dick was doing his first season of independent field work. Near a day's close he had worked down a canyon that ended abruptly, merging into a mesa and almost without warning he was close upon a dejected looking dirt-roofed log house, its sole ally in the landscape a more dejected looking dirt-roofed stable. A few thin pigs and half-naked hens shared the grassless yard with a quarter dozen friendless appearing children. Not a tree, not a shrub, not a vine, not the slightest suggestion of a home was there. A woman, evidently ill health, sat on the rickety doorstep with a bed quilt wrapping her frail body and clasping in her arms a young child. Beyond and stretching almost as far as the eye could reach was the monotonous gray of the bad lands.

A little further on Dick stopped at a corral to watch the branding of cattle. The sight was not pleasant. He wondered that any one, especially a child, should choose to witness it, yet a small girl, carelessly lounging in her saddle, lost no feature of it.

The "uncommon" was still Dick's magnet. With the desolateness of what was probably her home in mind he shuddered and looked at her curiously. An old hand hung by faded ribbons over her growing hair on the forehead. Around her neck, straight as a column,

was a small chain, and suspended from it a medal. Instantly memory had slipped back over the gap of years. "Eloise Saban," he called.

She was intent upon the branding, her high, thin treble rang in an unmistakable command. "Look out! No unnecessary cruelty." Then she coolly turned to him. "I knew you all the time," she said.

"Eloise Saban!" he repeated, wondering, "what in the world are you doing here?"

"Running a ranch," she said.

"Your father?"

"A look that Dick remembered overspread her face and looked from fierce, malicious eyes.

"He's still riding circuit. Showing souls the short-cut to heaven, I guess. Mother and me, we're looking after the bread and butter for the family." Then she suddenly stiffened in her saddle and rode close to him. "Millions of times I've wanted to see you, Mr. Hingden," she said tensely. "I wanted to ask you something. Has a man any business to go chasing around about religion when his wife and kids need him at home? Look at our place! Look at mother and all of us! Over at Mosgrove's there's a

fine house and barns and everything nice. And Mr. Mosgrove is always getting them things. Just now there's two nice ones out from Baltimore. Oh, Mr. Hingden! The things they know and the clothes they wear! It makes me sick. Sometimes I've a mind to desert. I do so want things, and they say back there there's no work, and no doing without things."

Dick Hingden, only twenty-four, and accustomed to anything rather than giving advice to young girls, sensed an intimate crisis in the child's life and wondered what wisdom he could. "Eloise," he said, gravely, "your question will keep till you are older and can answer it for yourself. Your father's viewpoint may be right. It may be wrong. But because some one else chooses the wrong road—if it should be the wrong one—no reason why you should. And you won't. A girl who would risk her life for a baby pig—do you remember?—would never desert her mother and real babies for the prospect of no work and pretty dresses. And as for an instant, there is work everywhere, and the right kind of people want to work. For myself, I know I never work again. I should hope to die."

Into the child's face crept a chance—pleased surprise, wonder, credulity. The forlorn little girl, an instant ago so alert, and the old look of daring was again in her eyes. "I'll stick," she promised. "But I've got to have books. I've just got to have books. I've just got to know something."

Dick told her, as eagerly as she herself had spoken. "There are cardinals of books in our house. No one ever looks at them now. They're yours. I'll ship them as soon as I get home. But the teaching! Can your mother?"

The girl's head went up. "My mother was a De Vere, a Louisiana De Vere," she said, proudly. "Give me the books. She'll do the rest."

"You and she. It depends mostly on yourself."

And Dick, looking into the eager, old young face, felt that it would.

The books were sent, and at intervals, others, with magazines by scores. She wrote freely to them, bright, odd, whimsical letters, differing as much from other letters as she herself differed from other children. Later they changed. Bigger, broader, deeper, they showed the mind of a woman, but Dick, roaming over South America, and absorbed in his work, failed to connect her with time. To him she was still the child, his most interesting "find."

"The ranch has grown to be prosperous. The hotel has yielded its site to a ranch house, pigs and chickens are in proper quarters," she wrote him at Rio. "Daddy still rides circuit, but we have a piano and other things, even to dresses as pretty as were those of the 'Baltimore girls.' And it's all due to you, you ought to see your handiwork. I wish you could."

"I wish I could," he thought, not conscious that his thoughts had wandered farther, but when, eager, welcoming hands reached out, and a face, lit with burning, smiled, he knew that the years had metamorphosed his "find" into a woman who would be his bride.

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From the Pearson Weekly.

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"I don't want to," protested Archie. "She slaps people that try to kiss her now."

"Why, what a story," Archie exclaimed his mother.

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## POPULAR YOUNG SOUTHERNER

MISS IMOGENE YOUNG.  
Daughter of Representative and Mrs. James Young of Texas.

## A Surprise Party.

A delightful surprise party was tendered Miss Mildred Gaskins at her home in Georgetown Monday evening, April 27, the occasion being her eighteenth birthday anniversary. The young people engaged in music, games and dancing. Some of those present were: Messrs. Thomas Powers, Michael Cook, Martin Cook, Harry Cogswell, Bernard McCarty and Edward Slattery, Misses Alice McDonald, Rosemary Lucas, Ruth King, Catherine Slattery, Lavinia and Mildred Gaskins.

## Atlantic City.

Special Correspondence of The Star.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., May 2.—Week-end visitors are more or less astonished to see husky young men dash into the waves these late April days, swim far out toward a pier end and then strike for shore with a will. The average promiscuous surfer chills and some chattering of teeth at the sight, for the breezes that sweep over Neptune's realm is not even now of the summertime variety.

But these husky young men are not bathing for the pleasure of a "dip," they have something more serious in view. They are candidates for berths on the life guard patrol, and are getting their muscles into ship-shape against the day of their tests.

And the "stunts" which a life guard on the Atlantic City force must perform in order to insure himself a season would entitle him to appear on the "big time."

He must be able to row a boat up hill and over the crest of a wave that will strike like the side of Pike's Peak. He must be able to "rush the can," but the can in this case is filled with air, and is "rushed" to save some overturesome swimmer who was overpowered by his aquatic prowess.

The guard, too, must be able to handle a life line; must be able to swim, and strongly, with another "drowning" man clinging to his neck and trying to pull him beneath the waves. It is a Spartan "course of study" these heroes of the beach are put through, and it behooves them to get an early start at practice.

Father Neptune is to visit the Atlantic City carnival and will rule the fete with his mystic trident in hand May 27. Naval day, the mysterious old man of the sea will be accompanied by one of his most beautiful daughters, a mermaid.

After the ceremonies at the beach, Father Neptune and his charming daughter will be escorted in state to Atlantic avenue, there to take charge of the great civic, commercial and fraternal parade, which will start at 3 o'clock on the same afternoon.

The war clouds have again gathered above the Boardwalk, for the rolling armaments are at it again. The usual rate, 50 cents an hour, has once more been slashed in the wild scramble for

business. Even the big fellows who heretofore have maintained the rate at 50 cents, notwithstanding their competitors' cuts, have at last joined in the hue and cry after the elusive chair rider and have dropped to 30 cents an hour.

The patrons who enjoy that rich feeling when being trundled along the Wooden Way, past the proletarian pedestrians who actually wait are glad, of course, but even rolling chair barons cannot please everybody. The human motes, familiarly known as chairpushers, are in arms, too, about the reduction, for they get but 15 cents an hour now for the same service they received 30 cents before the slicing of prices.

But the rate war has served to stimulate riding, and the barons are happy. George Blacky of Washington is domiciled at the Shelbourne over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Kann are Washingtonians down by the Maytime sea.

J. McBride Sterrett of Washington is at the Traymore.

Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Wilson, Washingtonians, are guests at the St. Charles during a fortnight of May at the shore.

Miss Lucy Bunyn of Washington is visiting friends in Atlantic City.

Frederick Schwab from Washington is a guest at the Hotel Alamo during a week end on the Boardwalk.

Mrs. G. W. Atkinson of Washington has apartments at the Morton during a brief springtime visit.

William M. Pownall and H. L. Roache, Washingtonians, are domiciled at the Hotel Raleigh while "doing" the Wooden Way over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Prescott are Washington folk at the New England for the week end.

J. L. Hughes and M. R. Farley of Washington are early May visitors by the sea.

Miss Frances Morris of Washington joined a party of friends at the shore early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Macfarland are Washington folk at the shore.

S. C. Butterworth and J. Leibster are Washingtonians numbered among the week-end throngs on the Boardwalk.

Washingtonians registered at the Westminster, Mr. L. H. Hartley, C. M. Hartley, Mrs. E. Z. Kunzle and E. P. Baumgart.

## GIVES HIGH PRAISE TO BEARLESS BOYS

Mrs. Harriet Chalmers Adams  
Impressed by Their Soldierly Bearing.

## GUARDIANS OF THE LAW IN FAR AWAY PHILIPPINES

Observations Made by Woman Explorer of the World's Many Odd Corners.

Mrs. Harriet Chalmers Adams has just returned from a hasty survey of the odd corners of the world. She saw white rajahs and head hunters and tigers and pythons and all the picturesque features of life on the other side of the globe. And she was most impressed by an American boy—just a kid of twenty-two, or thereabouts—the sort of youngster you can see on every corner.

"He was an officer of the Philippine constabulary," said Mrs. Adams, "in charge of a district in Jolo occupied by an unsubdued and piratical tribe of Moros. We approached Bagak by boat—note, that name sounds all right and looks all right, but it isn't guaranteed—and as our steamer drew up to the wharf we could hear the rifles popping in the town. We knew that a war had broken out."

## Where Anything May Happen.

Anything may happen, and usually does, in Moroland. The inhabitants are very handy with all sorts of weapons, and have no weak antipathy to blood. But the twelve-year-old officer, in command of his little squad, six or eight saddle colored constables, hopped cheerily to the pier, and waved his handkerchief in farewell, and then said:

"So that the forlorn little bundle of brown men, the narrow shoulders bracing in imitation of the soldierly swing of the white man ahead, trotted toward that small hell which was boiling over in Bagak. The boat squatted and groaned away from the pier. Mrs. Adams went to her tiny cabin to have her coffee, and there she found a note that that cheerful youngster ever to get out alive, and the sacrifice seemed such a waste. She met him later, though, and he had diplomatically bumped a few Salu heads together. So they gave him a feast, and are likely waiting for the chance to stick him in the back."

Just a Typical Officer.

After all, he was just a typical officer of constabulary, Mrs. Adams adds. These youngsters—they range in age from twenty-two to thirty-two—are doing that sort of thing all the time, so that peace has very largely fallen upon the Philippines. She found Igorotes wearing wild-cat skins about their shoulders working out their road taxes. Thank the constables for that irony. An almost equally valuable Philippine asset is the force of medical missionaries.

"The missionaries," says Mrs. Adams, "follows sanitation. The missionaries carry a Bible in one hand—but in the other they have bottles of castor oil for the interior and coal oil for the surface of their brown friends."

With her husband, F. P. Adams of the Pan-American organization here in Washington, Mrs. Adams has crossed South America on muleback, lived for months where no white woman has ever been seen, and had adventures that would make a lifetime talk for the average sportsman. On this year's trip she visited Raja's Brooke in Borneo, the third white rajah of his line, and the only one left in the world. He lives in a regal state, unbothered by telephones, in his province of Sarawak. It adds a picturesque modern touch to the olden times, married into a flourishing English biscuit business.

"English Women 'Wonderful.'"

"Those wonderful English women in Borneo," says Mrs. Adams in admiration. "They are the finest frontier women in the world. Where their topos is in home. They were preparing to go hundreds of miles by boat to the races at Jesselton—the great event of the year. Not one complained of conditions. They did exchange felicitations upon the past season."

"Hardly any pythons," they said to

each other, "have come out of the jungle this year."

In Ecuador, she learned that head hunting is at an end, except when representatives of museums encourage the savage—or non-savage—natives to acquire a stranger's head and then reduce it to the size of an apple by a secret process of their own. In Paraguay she found the vanished Arcadia.

"Years ago the Jesuits were expelled from one district," said she, "but the natives they taught are still industrious and well behaved. Their proficiency in some arts is remarkable. They were savages when the Jesuits came to them."

Monte Carlo of the East.

At Macao she visited the Monte Carlo of the east—a magnificent town of gamblers, where no play is too high. Through an open archway one may enter old China, on the Hayti-Dominican border she had the one experience that occurred to her as an adventure. They were sleeping in the house of Capt.

Black or White.

From Pearson's Weekly.

The election of a colored man as mayor of Battersea recalls a story that has been told in connection with the M. P. for that constituency, Mr. John Burns.

On one occasion Mr. Burns had a black man visiting him from the United States. They were walking in a street in Battersea one day when a small boy noticed them.

"There's John Burns!" he called to another small boy.

The other small boy stared at the two men, one black and the other white. "Which is John Burns?" he demanded.

Then There Was Silence.

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An amazing story is being told of Sir Douglas Dawson, who had so much to do with the preparation for Prince Arthur's wedding. Sir Douglas had a very worrying time, and the story goes that

one day he went into a room in the palace, where a friend was sitting, and, sinking into a chair, he remarked, wearily:

"If any one so much as breathes the word 'wedding' in my presence I'll knock him down!" He had scarcely uttered the words when the door opened and King George came in, looking worried.

"Oh, by the way," he began at once. "About this wedding—"

"His majesty got no farther than the word, for, in spite of all his efforts, Sir Douglas's friend was forced to laugh. The king glanced at him in surprised annoyance, but laughed heartily when Sir Douglas explained what he had just threatened."

New Brand.

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Face Watcher—What a lovely complexion you have!

Paint User—Oh, I'm so glad you like it. It's a new kind I'm trying, and it's even so much cheaper than the one I formerly used.

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